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# A Soldier of Conscience



Je. 30, 06.

For Mr. Garrison, my  
 husband's friend and associate  
 of many years; with thanks for  
 his helpful sympathy in my  
 humble; from Kate Upton Clark

June 9, 1903

(Clark) Upton  
 AN

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# A SOLDIER OF CONSCIENCE

His conscience was his strong retreat.

—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

## Edward Perkins Clark

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BORN, OCTOBER 21, 1847

DIED, FEBRUARY 16, 1903

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O, strong soul, by what shore  
Tarriest thou now? For that force  
Surely has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labor-house vast  
Of being, is practiced that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm! —*Matthew Arnold.*

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## In the Shadow

(Dedicated to the memory of EDWARD P. CLARK.)

Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some gleams of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cool shade of aristocracy. No honors awaited his daring, no dispatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen: his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed.—*Sir W. F. P. Napier.*

That proud humility was thine  
Which makes men shun the world's applause,  
And fight, unknown, beneath the sign  
Of any cause

That pleads for help against the vile  
Cohorts of sin and wrong and shame!  
E'en yet we see thy grave eyes smile  
Lit by the flame

Struck from thine oft-fleshed sword that hewed  
Our way through ranks of frowning foes.  
Thy warfare o'er—thy fortitude  
Hath earned repose!

True soldier, spurning glory's lure,  
Despising hollow fame's delight,  
Not for the prize didst thou endure,  
But for the fight!

Steadfast to duty, ever brave,  
Shrinking from naught but human praise,  
To virtue only wert thou slave  
Through all thy days!

And if few men now know thy name,  
Those few behold it writ in light;  
And cherish lovingly the fame  
Of Honor's Knight!

—*Louis Howland.*

INDIANAPOLIS, March, 1903.

## Edward Perkins Clark

In him were joined  
"Patience and temperance with a high reserve ;  
Honor that knows the path and will not swerve."  
—*Wordsworth*.



## Edward Perkins Clark

Edward Perkins Clark was born at Huntington, Mass., Oct. 21, 1847. His father was the Rev. Perkins Kirkland Clark, who was born in Westfield, Mass.; was graduated from Yale College in 1838; was a tutor there for several years thereafter; and was later a teacher in the Westfield State Normal School. Mr. Clark had remarkable executive talent and was strongly urged by his older brothers to embark in business with them. They were prosperous, and it would have been greatly to his worldly advantage to enter into partnership with them; but he had consecrated himself to the Christian ministry, and as soon as he could earn the means to do so, he completed his preparation for that calling. In 1845 he was married to Miss Hannah Smith Avery of Colrain, Mass., who had been for several years a successful teacher in Westfield and Springfield. His first pastorate was at Huntington, Mass.

The scholarly tastes of the parents were inherited

by their children, of whom there were four. Edward was the eldest child and only son. Mary Avery, the eldest daughter, a brilliant student, died in her early girlhood. Emma Kirkland and Martha graduated with honor from Vassar College. The former is now a teacher of Latin and Greek in the Girls' High School of Brooklyn. The latter, a well-known writer, married the Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin and resides at Peekskill, N. Y., and there her mother lives also during the greater part of each year.

Two of Mr. Clark's great-grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress. On his mother's side, he was descended from the Groton Averys, famous in the War of the Revolution; and also from the Williams family, which has given to world many martyrs and heroes. His paternal grandmother was Abigail Kirkland, a near relative of the distinguished John Thornton Kirkland, a President of Harvard College during the early part of the last century. So far as is known, Mr. Clark's ancestry was purely American, dating back to the times of the Pilgrims.

His father and mother personally superintended his early education. He was a good mathematician, but his chief proficiency was in the languages, in which his parents also were especially interested.

His mother, even at her present age of eighty-seven, is still able, almost without the aid of a dictionary, to read with pleasure the most difficult Latin and French authors.

One of the most prominent characteristics of the Clark branch of the family was persistency. It is related of Perkins Kirkland Clark that at the age of six he misspelt a word in his class, and thereby forfeited his proud position at its head; but he refused to move below his successful rival, and his mother, who lived near by, was called in consultation. Abigail Kirkland Clark was a woman of great force and firmness, and as soon as her little son saw her face in the door, he took his proper place.

A similar story is related of Edward. When a boy of nine, he wrote a letter in the beautiful copperplate hand for which he was noted in his youth, and even then; but he remarked in the course of his letter that he "youst" to do something. He, as usual, submitted the composition when finished, to his mother, who criticized his spelling of "youst". He insisted that he was sure there was authority for that spelling. She replied that if he could find any, she would make no further objection to it. He scoured the neighborhood, but was finally compelled,

in deep humiliation, to admit that in no one of the four dictionaries which he had anxiously consulted, could he find the word "youst". Pale with mortification, but willing, as ever, to bow to the right, he erased "youst" and substituted his mother's orthography.

His first journalistic achievement was a communication written when he was ten years old to the "Student and Schoolmate", the "St. Nicholas" of that day. The Editor gave it distinguished praise. Later the youth sent an item to the county paper describing some very tall corn which grew in his father's always superior garden. This was written in such an interesting style that it was widely copied. He used often to remark that from this time onward, his thoughts dwelt constantly upon newspaper work. His college experience strengthened this early bias. He wrote much for the college periodicals during his four years at New Haven, and was a member of the "Lit. Board," during his senior year. Writing attracted him more than any other line of college work, and he took several prizes in composition.

His preparation for college was uncommonly thorough and complete. He had graduated from the Deerfield High School in 1865, with the highest



honors of his class; and from Phillips (Andover) Academy, with the same distinction in 1866. Several of his classmates have lately testified that they never heard such recitations as he gave during his year at Andover, and that when he entered college, he knew more of the Freshman studies than did some of his instructors.

The day after his graduation from college in 1870, he began newspaper work in the office of the Springfield *Republican*. In three years, he had become its managing editor; and the distinguished owner and editor of that paper, Mr. Samuel Bowles, could scarcely say enough in his praise. In a letter to a friend of Mr. Clark in 1873, Mr. Bowles, after dwelling at some length upon the young journalist's literary skill and quickness of perception, added, "and, better than all, he has a singularly candid and just mind." This was perhaps his most marked characteristic throughout his whole life. In his home, during the constant discussions in progress there, chiefly upon social and political subjects, he never failed to admit to every argument of the opposition its full weight. The training in debating which every member of his family received during these incessant, always earnest, but, on his part,

always dispassionate discussions, is gratefully acknowledged by them as the chief influence for such success as they may ever have in logical thinking.

In 1879 he removed with his family to Philadelphia, in response to an attractive offer from the *Times* of that city; but his new work was almost entirely executive and not to his taste. He had always desired an acquaintance, from the inside, with life in Washington, feeling that no journalistic training could be complete without it, though he had no desire for a permanent place in that city. It seemed to him now a favorable time for gaining this experience, and he accordingly left Philadelphia and spent the two following years as a Washington correspondent for the *Springfield Republican*, *Philadelphia Press*, and other papers. He always regarded this period as, in many ways, of superlative value to him.

In the spring of 1881, he received an offer from the owner of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* to take the editorial charge of that paper. For family reasons he decided to accept the place; but he had long desired to enter metropolitan journalism, and, after six months in Milwaukee, he returned to the East and became for a few months an assistant editor upon the staff of the *New York World*, at that time one

of the most staid and conservative of journals. From that office, he went to *Leslie's Weekly* for a brief period, and thence to the *Brooklyn Union*, where he remained for two years (1883-5). On April 6th, 1885, he entered upon the duties of an editorial writer on the staff of the *New York Evening Post*, where he remained during the rest of his life.

It is not intended in this brief sketch to make any extended analysis of Mr. Clark's somewhat remarkable journalistic equipment, but one of his distinctive traits should be emphasized here, in order to explain even partially the secret of his great influence. It was almost a passion with him to be constantly on the watch for commanding merit in the two departments in which he was most deeply interested, journalism and politics. He read daily many papers from different parts of the country, and as soon as he had had his attention directed in any way to any editorial writer, he proceeded, with keen but kindly interest, to carefully examine his daily or weekly work. If, as often happened, he found it excellent, he was as much pleased as though he had unearthed a fortune. His uncommon success in gauging public sentiment in different parts of the

country was largely due to his unerring judgment in discerning the best and most unprejudiced newspaper writers in each section, and his painstaking care in weighing their expressions of opinion. He not infrequently wrote personal letters to these strangers, thus awakening in them a new pride in the accuracy, justice or originality of their work. He would often remark when he wrote such a letter, "Well,—I'm pretty tired,—but there's a young man in Iowa" (or Texas, or Kentucky,—as the case might be), "who is trying to find out the truth and tell it, in the face of absolute persecution from all the other papers in his State. I may not be able to encourage him much,—but before I sleep to-night, I am going to give him a word to brace him up."

Or, "There is a politician out in Ohio" (or some other State), "who has considerable sense and considerable principle. Both are so uncommon that I am going to commend him, whenever he gives me a chance."

When a paragraph which he had written concerning the virtuous and wise politician, attracted attention and was widely copied, Mr. Clark would be delighted. He would come home with a shining

face, and say, "You know that fellow out in Ohio who has been making those splendid speeches and exposing all those scamps out there. Well,—that paragraph which I wrote about him has been copied into every journal of any account in that State. I have given him another puff to-day. It is short but it is strong,—and it will go further than the other one. We will have that man in some really important position before long."

But the man, in nine cases out of ten, never knew that his "boom" was due to a patient and patriotic observer in a far-distant city, who cared nothing for any return for his labor, save the uplifting and purification of his country. The list would be long, could it be made out, of the noble and able men, now high in the national estimation, who might have remained merely local celebrities, but for the indefatigable and disinterested labors of this Diogenes of a merit-seeker in the office of the *Evening Post*.

Concerning two of his most prominent characteristics, thoroughness and persistency, one of his friends said recently in a public address: "Mr. Clark never expressed himself on a subject until he had made up his mind. I remember his asking me one Sunday, as we were coming out

of church, 'Don't you want to take a run with me this afternoon, over to the east side of New York? I want to see for myself just how "wide open" it is. I am going to air the subject in the *Post* soon, but I don't want to take my evidence second-hand. I will go and explore for myself.'

"This was thoroughly characteristic of the man. I know that he took several such jaunts to New York, and when the articles did appear, they were among the ablest written anywhere upon the question.

"He was terribly persistent. Once he had his grip on a thing, he never let go, until his object was accomplished, or the cause was hopeless. One of his weapons was sarcasm. This he used with crushing effect. I have often been glad that certain editorials were not directed against me. Their keen, dissecting quality, it seemed to me, was enough to make the object of attack hide his head with shame forever. One thing which Mr. Clark could not for a minute endure was any kind of hypocrisy, religious, political, or personal. I do not think Mr. Clark was, in the ordinary sense of the word, a popular man. Such as he cannot be popular. He could not gloze

a thing over and make it seem right when it was not. He had few intimate friends, but of course many admirers, and he was respected by even his opponents."

Mr. Clark's slender build and quiet bearing would never suggest to an observer that he was a man of great physical courage; but he often demonstrated that he was. For example, he was walking down a peaceful lane at a Long Island seashore resort, three years ago, when a horse was seen approaching in the distance. A farm-wagon was attached to it, and even a long way off its wild swaying was plainly visible. Mr. Clark watched it for an instant and then remarked gravely, "Whoever is driving that animal has lost control of it. I am going to stop it."

He accordingly stepped out into the road, stood there calmly until the frightened horse came galloping up, caught the bridle, and though he was dragged a little way, received no harm and effectually stopped the horse, amid the profuse thanks of the driver. Mr. Clark had had the advantage of being brought up in a family where horses were always kept, and understood their management thoroughly.

When he was complimented upon his courage, as he not infrequently was, he always replied mod-

estly. "My bravery is entirely moral. My flesh always wishes to run away from danger, but my soul disapproves of that course, and so far has usually been able to prevail."

He was not very fond of poetry, though it was a part of his theory of life that one should read at least a few lines of good poetry every day. He was impatient of sentimentalism, "smartness" or affectation in poetry even more than in other departments of life or literature, and it was the strong, reflective line which he liked best. He loved the last stanza of "The Chambered Nautilus"; Wordsworth's "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting"; Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and "Present Crisis"; and all of Shakespeare, especially "Hamlet". The last poem which was read to him, only a day or two before his death, pleased him so much that he murmured "Fine! fine! Read it again." It was from John Hall Ingham's volume, "Pompeii of the West and Other Poems," and is called "Character." This is it:

He shapes the spheres to suit his ends  
Who hath a muse for every mood,—  
Who in himself hath many friends  
And finds in crowds his solitude.



He asks no change of scene or clime  
Nor heeds the lure of alien lands:  
His hours for him are all of Time,—  
His Universe is where he stands.

His force doth like the forest grow;  
His tenderness as sunshine thrills;  
His calm desires like rivers flow;  
His hopes are as the mighty hills.

Serene through tempest and through tide  
His heart is as the ocean-deeps;  
And where eternal laws abide  
His soul a starry vigil keeps.

The poem is reproduced here, not only on account of the pathetic circumstances under which it was read, but because it expresses with almost startling fidelity the ideal of character toward which Mr. Clark constantly strove.

Mr. Clark was married on Jan. 1, 1874, to Katharine Pickens Upson, of Milwaukee, Wis., then a teacher in the Central High School of Cleveland, Ohio, who survives him. Three sons were born to them; Charles Upson (Jan. 14, 1875); John Kirkland (Jan. 21, 1877); and George Maxwell (Aug. 19, 1879). All of them graduated in due course from their father's university, and all are now living.

Mr. Clark had always recognized the fact that he was not as strong as most men, and up to the last year of his life he had been uncommonly conscientious in the care of his health. He had been one of the first to perceive the advantages of the bicycle, and was a skillful and enthusiastic rider. His remarkable record of consecutive work made his associates all feel that, in spite of his somewhat delicate appearance, he was, as one of them has said, "made of steel and India rubber." For seven years before his final break-down, he had never missed a day's work from illness. Then he had had a slight malarial attack, which confined him to his bed for ten days, and which was directly traceable to the digging of a large sewer near his home. For eight years before that time he had, again, lost not a single day from his office on account of ill-health.

During the Fall of 1901 and the ensuing winter, a change seemed to come over him, which some have since attributed to a partial undermining of his will from the insidious disease which killed him and which might even then have been sapping his life. Instead of leaving his office daily as early as his work would permit, and taking a spin on his bicycle before dinner or a brisk walk with some member of

his family, as had been for years his invariable afternoon custom, he remained at work daily until five or even six o'clock, though he reached his office, as ever, shortly after eight in the morning. His great exhaustion upon arriving at home was marked with deep anxiety by his family. They expostulated with him, but he seemed unable to make himself resume his old healthful recreations. Even after he saw the painful alarm which his course was awakening at home, he continued to neglect the open-air exercise, which he had always before recognized as his chief reliance for health and strength. A pleasure-trip which he took to Atlantic City and Washington in March, failed to rest and restore him, as such trips had usually done. He was almost ill upon his return to work in April,—but still he failed to take his usual exercise. A few days among his favorite hills in Western Massachusetts in July, however, seemed to do him good. He said that he felt less “tired” than for months, and he began now to plan resolutely for more out-door exercise; but on the first Saturday in August he rode to New Haven by boat and became chilled. On his return home the next day he was burning with fever. This fever left him for scarcely a day again until just before his

death; but he was unwilling to consider it at first as an alarming symptom, or to cease work on account of it. He took medicine somewhat, but several of his associates were away on their vacations, and he would not for an instant think of allowing them to be called back for his sake.

"I will take a long rest in October," he would say, "if you only will not say any more about leaving now. Why, So-and-So is completely worn out. He will break down if he does not have a long vacation,—and Mr.—— is nearly as badly off. I simply cannot bear the thought of interrupting their vacations."

His distracted family saw that nothing was to be done, though they all knew well that his friends would infinitely rather have been called back than to have Mr. Clark suffer such a terrible strain. He became so feeble that for several days before his final break-down, some member of his family insisted upon accompanying him to and from his office and he went to bed immediately upon reaching home.

Since then, the lines of Sir Walter Scott upon Pitt have often been recalled to the minds of his friends:

"Oh, think, how to his latest day  
When Death, just hovering, claimed his clay,  
With Palinure's unaltered mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood,  
Each call for needful rest repelled,  
With dying hand the rudder held."

On the 6th of September, he reached home about noon, and sank exhausted upon the couch from which, broadly speaking, he never rose again. It was supposed at first that his trouble was the old malarial one from which he had suffered seven years before and which had manifested itself to a greater or less degree each summer since then. But his symptoms were so peculiar that his physician made a thorough examination of him within a few days and declared his disease to be tuberculosis, though his family refused to accept this diagnosis until it had been confirmed by two other physicians. Mr. Clark himself never knew, so far as could be learned, the true nature of his malady. It was the universal consensus of the opinions of his attendants that he ought not to be informed, unless he insisted; which he never did.

On the 19th of September, he was taken to Unadilla, N. Y., where he felt sure he should soon

recover in the salubrious air of the beautiful Catskill foot-hills; but he did not gain, and on October 25th, he returned to his home, no better than when he had left it five weeks before. Several excellent physicians and specialists were consulted, but no one could be found to give his family the least encouragement that any other climate would restore him,—or, indeed, that there was any hope for him. But his wife, who knew better than anyone else except his mother, the wonderful recuperative power of his constitution, hoped to the very last. In January, he was presented by his devoted friend, Mrs. Maria A. Marshall, with a rolling-chair, and he was taken out in this nearly every day of the week preceding his death. On the Saturday before the Sunday night on which he died, he was out for three full hours in this chair, much to his apparent enjoyment and benefit. But shortly after his return to his bed, he was seized with a dull pain, which continued for several hours. He slept well that night; but the next morning, it was plain that a change had come over him. He was cold and very weak all day Sunday, and his mind wandered, as it had not done before. In thought, he was at his desk, hard at work, and he called by name many of his old as-

sociates. Shortly after midnight, in his sleep, painlessly and without a sign, he ceased to breathe,—one of the noblest, purest and most unselfish men that ever lived.

His funeral was held at four o'clock on the following Tuesday, and was largely attended, especially by his co-workers in journalism. His remains lie in the cemetery at Charlemont, Mass, beside the waters of the beautiful Deerfield, to which he was always fondly attached.





## Addresses Delivered at His Funeral

— What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly,  
and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

—*Micah.*

Through such souls alone  
God stooping shows sufficient of His light,  
For us in the dark to rise by.

—*Browning.*



**Address of the  
Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell**

"That there should one man die ignorant who has capacity for knowledge—that I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute." So we read in Sartor Resartus. With even more force might the same words be used of the tragedy of death itself, repeated infinitely, and yet in no instance, however humble, without its immeasurable pathos. How awful it would be to live, to win character at the cost of deprivation and hardship, to bind others to ourselves by ties of holy love, to achieve somewhat in the pursuit of unselfish ideals, and then to have all end in nothingness! It is inconceivable that the universe is a realm of such shameless mockery and contempt. We believe better things of it. We believe in God, and therefore that "life means intensely and means good." And this is why in an hour of sorrow such as this we feel that we are justified in taking comfort to ourselves from the recollection of a life well-lived.

Mr. Clark would not have wished that anything of eulogy should be spoken in connection with himself. But for our own sake rather than for his, I feel that it is my duty to say something about those high qualities in him which make his memory noble and give encouragement to us.

First, I mention his perfect sincerity. He hated shams with the intensity of a Carlyle. Something of the stern love of truth of his New England forbears had perpetuated itself in him. Like Matthew Arnold's Sophocles, he would see life clearly and see it whole, and know things only as they are. In this regard, he was typical of the ethical

feeling of to-day. No doubt we have many failings in this hurrying age, and it does not become us to cultivate moral pride. At the same time, if there is one virtue which we do admire and seek, it is sincerity. The old type of hypocrite, who posed for the sake of effect and was a different man at heart from what he seemed, is almost impossible now. We hate hypocrisy. We do not wish to be thought other than we are. We want to be ourselves and to be known as ourselves. Mr. Clark made no pretences of any sort. In his writing and in his living, he exhibited the highest reverence for truth.

Faithfulness also was one of his characteristics. He was faithful to his work to a degree that proved itself most expensive to his vital powers. He could do nothing by halves; he followed a great man's famous advice and left no reference unverified. Whatever he wrote had upon it the mark of an authority. Probably no man of our time had more thoroughly familiarized himself with all the tortuosities of our national political life than he, and his judgments in this department had in them something of the finality of history. He knew that in this world we do not get something for nothing, and he poured into his occupation unlimited effort. The result was that men heeded what he wrote. Repeatedly he directly influenced important State and National legislation. And the fidelity he showed in work was shown in his personal relationships. He was the truest possible son, husband, father and friend. His home was a shrine of hospitality. He gave himself to the most lavish efforts to help other people. The charm of his unselfishness was in its unconsciousness. Assuredly if anything reproduces the spirit of Christ in the earth it is this.

He was a man of retiring spirit, content to do his work

in quietness without recognition. His profession lent itself exactly to his temper in this respect. Everybody else gets credit for what he does that is good; but the journalist is screened by the anonymity of the editorial page. The work is known, but not the man who does it. The voice is heard crying its prophecy of truth, the speaker is veiled from sight. This may be disappointing to a vain spirit, but there is something grand about it to one who looks broadly at life. Men come and go, but their work endures in those who follow. Certainly this is a precious sort of immortality, to "live again in minds made better by our presence." Many felt the force of Mr. Clark's mind, not knowing to whom they were indebted. They could not thank him who served them. But it must have been a source of great satisfaction to know that he was thought of highly by his associates and the few others who were able to connect the man and his work.

The friends who are met here to honor this life can do so without reservations. We can honestly thank God for having given us the privilege of knowing a man so upright, unselfish and loyal to all things good.

It has been stimulating to come into contact with him and feel the influence of his fidelity to worthy ideals. He has entered into that mystery which one day we shall all penetrate. And he is safe in the loving keeping of that God who requires truth of us here that he may give himself, who is truth, to us there. There is nothing in the universe so precious to God as the righteous soul, and we may be confident he will not let it perish. Such is the message to us of one whose lips could utter naught but truth, Jesus Christ, who said, "Though a man die, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

**Address of the**  
**Rev. Dr. Edward Payson Ingersoll**

For eight years, beginning with their life in Brooklyn, I was the pastor of Mr. Clark and his family. I have come this afternoon in sadness and yet happy in the privilege of bringing my humble wreath in memory of the noble and faithful life which has now gone from us. I do not mistake this occasion when I say that the large number of friends who have gathered here have come through the blustering storm with precious memories and tender sympathies, that they, too, may bear loving tribute to the devoted and successful life which has ended its earthly career. It would have been a thought farthest from the desire of our departed and honored friend to have any laudatory words spoken to-day. But it cannot be otherwise than that something of his character and life-work should appear as we tarry here a little in loving remembrance of him.

His pastor, Dr. Burrell, has spoken impressively of marked characteristics that appealed to him. When I learned of the departure of Mr. Clark, there came quickly to mind bright characteristics which had appealed to me through twenty years of intimate friendship. And the first I name was a high and reverent thought of life. Perhaps New England shows its keen and masterful spirit in nothing more clearly than in just that. Mr. Clark came from a trained and devout New England family; among the very foremost of her thoughtful and consecrated spirits he was reared. He believed that life is a trust, for a work. It would not have been like him to have said that very often, never prominently; but it was his to live it, and to show his estimate of a man's mission by the

deep furrows that he cut, by the precious seed which he scattered, by the care which he gave that which he had planted, that it might find root and grow and bear fruit.

And there was wrapt up in this a remarkable thoroughness; in his early home life, all through his college-life and afterwards in the editor's chair it was his to give his best powers to that which he undertook, and to do with his might what his hands found to do. While he gathered as best he could, and as every true nature does, from the resources which our civilization has given, he put these resources into his own life; they disappeared and came back again with the stamp and finish and spirit of his own manhood, to go out and do the work of the man who gave life and utterance to them.

Another marked characteristic was a conscientious loyalty to what he believed to be right and true. This led him to seek a liberal education; this led him and strengthened him through all the years of his devotion to his college curriculum. He was not seeking honors, though he won many, and these could not but have been pleasant to him; but he was seeking that which was above honors, with which he could enrich his life and strengthen himself for bearing his part in enriching other lives. Deep and abiding was his love for his Alma Mater. As the years rolled on that love rose to veneration; and when one after another his boys came to the bloom of young manhood they went to the school that had given him inspiration and girded him for the struggle of life. And then, as he saw them toiling on with success, deeper still were his admiration and veneration for those grand old academic halls, unsurpassed in a land which is enriched with noble institutions of learning.

Another characteristic was perfect sincerity. Did it ever occur to you what an expressive origin that word has? It comes from two Latin words which signify "without wax," *pure honey*; that is the thought that comes to me, in regard to my friend's life. Surrounded by the dissipating and clouding influences of life, I never saw, in the twenty years of our acquaintance, the least wavering from that high and pure purpose, from that manly and sincere life which characterized him from the very first. To all this sincerity and purity of purpose, bearing the mark of the noble chevalier, "without fear and without reproach," he added a courage, a persistency, hidden but indomitable, planted in his life, and enduring even when the wasting hand of disease was laid upon him.

And then there was in it all and above it all that tender spirit of helpfulness, that grace of soul which forgets self and loses self and finds it again in the being of another. This made his home a place of joy; indeed, the very joy and spirit of his life. These friends who are here to-day, and many absent ones who would gladly bear their testimony, are thinking now of this ideal of a true home, where the thoughts and work of husband and wife were one because they had the same bright visions which they sought to make realities. Truly, in the thought of Longfellow, *she* was "sitting by the fireside of his heart feeding its flame."

The father lived until the work of a holy ambition was accomplished, until his boys had taken up the work of life as he longed to see them. But beyond his family and friends, his strong and noble thought was recognized among thinking and patriotic men, as that of a leader along the lines where humanity needs to be stirred and guided. And now to crown my humble tribute, let me give the incident which



a few years ago brought to his host of friends a knowledge of the depths and tenderness of this "Great Heart." With large sympathies and masterly ability by the appeal of his pen he rescued and raised a bereaved family above want, thus commemorating by the best possible method,—but the hardest,—the noble life and heroic death of a fellow-journalist. This stands, perhaps, above even Mr. Clark's most notable professional achievements, as the loftiest ideal and the grandest work of his life.

The work which an editor does is not usually attached to his name; in a sense he works down out of sight, among the hidden courses; but one with such a lofty purpose, one with such a reverent spirit as had Edward Perkins Clark, cares little for the glory of a name. His glory is in seeing the triumph of that to which his life was consecrated. Could we have looked in upon his heart and have read his spirit in its highest and noblest aspirations, in its loving trust, we should have found that in all the hopes which he cherished, and in the ends which he sought, he was filled with a deep and earnest desire to meet the approval of Him "Whose we are and whom we serve."



## Extracts from Private Letters

His words were bonds, his oaths were oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

—*Shakespeare.*



## **Extracts from Private Letters**

It would have been easy, if it had been desired, to collect for this book a whole volume of warm and loving expressions from Mr. Clark's many friends in public and private life, but no such attempt has been made. The hundreds of sympathizing letters written to his family were usually composed within a day or two after his death, in the first poignancy of grief, and with no thought of their subsequent publication; therefore most of them are too personal to lend themselves to the purposes of such a work as this. This means that many of his dearest friends are unrepresented here. The brief extracts given are selected solely because they happened to contain new facts, or to be couched in such terms as to throw new lights or stronger ones than any of the preceding papers, upon Mr. Clark's character and career. They reveal him as a school-boy and as a collegian; as a model father and as the special friend and helper of many young men; as he was regarded by cultivated and appreciative literary and society women; and in his relation to religion and religious leaders.

**Extracts**

My acquaintance with Mr. Clark was but slight. The journalist is impersonal and his work is as silent as that of life, and like it, pervasive. But his influence in raising and keeping high the standard of journalism was felt where his name was unknown, and public opinion is purer and the nation is better for his having lived and served.

New York.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

I well remember my first talk with Mr. Clark. It was in Cambridge when he, with the utmost solicitude for his son's welfare, was considering whether it was best for him to come here for his legal training. He carried the same wise thoughtfulness into all his work. You may well be proud of the great public service he rendered as a journalist. When such men go, it is hard, indeed, to fill their places.

Cambridge, Mass.

JAMES BARR AMES.

From that remote evening in the spring of 1869, when he and I walked arm-in-arm to take our places at the initiation supper of the Yale "Lit.," I have followed his career with sympathetic interest, and I was always a good listener when he confided to me the incidents and experiences and opinions connected with the process of "getting on." His life was a most successful and admirable one. He was the right man in the right place as an editorial writer on the *Evening Post*. For most of the period of his connection with it, I have regarded it as not only the ablest daily in America, but as the best one in the world,—outranking the London *Times*, which is generally classed at the head of the list. There is no other paper where his careful and conscientious work could have been so well appreciated or have accomplished so much. \* \* \* He was a good man and won the respect and friendship of all who knew him. I grieve to think that he is gone.

New York.

LYMAN H. BAGG.

I knew personally little of your husband. Once, you and he stopped at our house on the way to Pocumtuck. My other picture of him is more vivid and a very sweet one. \* \* \* I was teaching in Charlemont the winter his father died. \* \* \* There was no session of school on the day of the funeral. I was in the vacated school-room writing, when, quite accidentally, I found our good Mr. F. was anxious to attend the services at the church, but it was his duty, he thought, to stay at the parsonage and keep up the fires until the family returned. I volunteered to relieve him, and went to the parsonage and kept up the fires until the family returned. As they were strangers to me, I was preparing to leave quietly, when the youngest sister, in an abandonment of grief, came into the sitting-room where Edward stood. He opened his arms and took the sobbing child into them, and, drawing a chair, sat down and comforted her as a mother would a baby. I can see now the picture of him as I closed the door,—the tall, calm young man in black, holding the weeping girl, the long, light-brown braid of her hair falling over his shoulder, and tear-drops glistening on the dress of both. That scene comes to me whenever I think of your husband.

Tecumseh, Neb.

MARGARET D. BAKER.

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We worked together, side by side, for so many years, Mr. Clark and I, that his going away falls upon me with a sense of irreparable loss. How noble, true, unselfish, gentle, he was! Though life was hard for him, he never flinched and he never whined, but did his full duty always like a man,—lived every day like a hero. If ever man won the verdict, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" he won it. He has gone out of your life into a holy, blessed memory, leaving to you and your children a priceless legacy of honor.

New York.

JOSEPH B. BISHOP.

We who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Clark can appreciate his refined nature, his elevated character, his generous, loving, cheerful helpfulness,—making a rare combination in this world, where our friends are so seldom perfect. It seems to me that he was as nearly so as mortal man can be.

New York.

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

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I admired Mr. Clark for his ability, and loved him for the unobtrusive devotion he gave to every effort for the betterment of man. No recent death in our city has touched me so deeply with a sense of public loss. He worked like a man who has much to do and felt the time was short. I have just written a note of thanks to the Editor of the *Eagle* for his able and appreciative words of Mr. Clark. It is well that our young men should know that the unobtrusive heroes of humanity cannot pass without their works and sacrifices being known. It is a public service to point out such men and their work. Such knowledge often inspires young men to higher ambitions than accumulation of wealth and political power. I doubt if we ever had in our city a more efficient, able and public-spirited man. His influence touched every public movement for good and often originated such movements. I admired and respected him more than any words of mine can express.

Brooklyn.

DAVID H. COCHRAN.

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(To one of Mr. Clark's sons.)

My own view of the meaning of life prepares me to sincerely congratulate you all upon the rich inheritance which comes to you, of your father's good name, of all he has been to you, and been able to do for you, and for a multitude of pleasant memories. I am quite sure that I have never known a father more affectionately devoted to his family than was your father, or who did more for them in all good ways.



Since I have known him, I have never doubted that his supreme motive for hard and persistent effort was that he might accomplish the utmost for his sons, that they might be thoroughly equipped for the best sort of life-work, and be prepared to honor their ancestors and themselves. It seems unfortunate that such a man should die in the prime of life, but I have many times been startled to be reminded that a very large proportion of the most distinguished men in history came to the end of life younger than did your father. So the length of life should not be measured by years but by work accomplished. Measured by this standard, your father lived longer than most men. \* \* \* Sorrow and suffering are often spoken of as mysteries, but I am glad to say they are much less so to me than they used to be years ago, when I came under the old teachings. Now I regard them as having been wisely planned. They cultivate us,—make us more loving and sympathetic, and build us up and enlarge our capacity for a much greater measure of happiness farther on. In the Revelation, it was only the one hundred and forty-four thousand who came out of great tribulation who were able to sing the new song. It is even said of Christ that he was “made perfect through suffering”.

I am glad that Time softens the sharp edge of such sorrows, but for the present I know there is only one word to describe your home—“desolate”.

Charlemont, Mass.

CHARLES CRITTENDEN.

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At the monthly meeting of the Board of Managers of the Society of American Authors, held yesterday, I was instructed to express to you in this form the sympathy of the Board in your recent bereavement. The Managers feel that the eminent contributions made by Mr. Clark to political thought and his remarkable knowledge of political affairs and men, will long remain a valued memory with those who knew him.

Feb. 21, 1903.

G. GROSVENOR DAWE, Secretary.

I owe Mr. Clark much. He was a sympathetic, inspiring editor. Many a time he has smoothed my way,—many a time given me the helpful word when that word was needed. I am sorry that his work is done.

Washington, Pa.

NORMAN DUNCAN.

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(To one of Mr. Clark's sons.)

For many years we were intimate friends. We looked at life in the same way and felt at ease with each other. We had a common back-ground and a common hope. I believe we shall meet again. Your father was one of the few men in journalism who treat it seriously and cause the public to do so. We used to talk on this matter a great deal when we were in Washington. \* \* \* He did splendid work.

New York.

HENRY R. ELLIOT.

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I well remember Mr. Clark's genial smile, his ever-the-same, even bearing, free to give forth his ideas on all points when invited, either by an inquiring student of life; or as a reasoner, by an equal, when great questions were in controversy. Many a time I have benefited by his talk and longed for the time to come again when I might learn more of his thoughts upon matters of government and social questions. I rejoice to know that though gone from us in one sense, he still lives on in his works, the results, the fruits, the influence of a noble life, well spent for the good of the American people as well as for his personal friends. One such life is worth more than a thousand lives that leave nothing in "the sands of time," to mark that they have once lived.

New York.

JOHN NUTTING FARRAR.

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I cannot think of him except as most happy. An intellect strong and steady, a character of exceptional moral fiber, a

life of industry and devoted to the general welfare, blest with sons of unusual promise and performance, accompanied by one who appreciated him,—surely his life was one to be envied. And I think that the end, though too soon, has come in an ideal way,—and so I do not commiserate—I congratulate you on the past.

Greenfield, Mass.

FRANKLIN G. FESSENDEN.

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I cannot tell you how pleased and proud I feel because of Mr. Clark's praise of my novel, "The Portion of Labor." His criticism and his opinion have always meant so much to me! Mr. Clark's own work was of that order of excellence, he was such a master in his own field of higher journalism, that one felt sure he had a right to his judgment, whether favorable or otherwise, and when it was favorable, one simply congratulated one's self. I should like to say again to you, how very greatly I have always respected and admired Mr. Clark's brilliant work, its subtle insight, its keen and judicial wisdom, its commanding style. His editorials and articles ought to live as long as any novels written in this decade. They seem to me distinctly a valuable possession for the American people.

Metuchen, N. J.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN.

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I shall never cease to appreciate all that Mr. Clark did for me in Springfield, or to profit by the training that he gave me. I have known few men who have seemed to me to deserve such admiration and respect as I have always felt for him.

New York.

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS.

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I had known about Mr. Clark's illness and had sympathized with him and with you all; but the end nevertheless

came as a great shock. He had been up here so much to see his different boys; we had always liked them and him so much; everything he said or did was so full of sympathetic interest and personal kindness—that I felt him to be a real friend, and I share in the loneliness when such a friend is “lost awhile”. May God give you strength to bear the time of separation! You have splendid boys, who will try to fill, so far as it is within human power, some little part of the great vacancy which is left.

New Haven, Conn.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

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I shall never forget the time when your husband was a pupil of mine, when I was teaching in the High School in South Deerfield, then his home. Reading the beautiful tributes to his worth in the papers, I said to myself, “That is just the sort of man of whom the boy Edward was a prophecy.” He must have been about sixteen years of age when he was my pupil. Of all the scholars in the school his face stands out most distinctly in my memory. It was the face of a serious, refined, purposeful young man. He was easily the first in that school in scholarship, but his modesty, with his gentlemanly bearing, disarmed any feeling of jealousy among his mates. I sometimes used to wish that I could see him out more among the boys in their “cub” play, having a real jolly time,—but he was living in a different world from theirs. I am sorry that I did not get closer to him, but he was shy and I was over-busy and so the winter passed. \* \*

\* As I read of his self-effacing spirit, his thorough, conscientious, faithful service, I feel a pride in his record, and a pleasure that I was in contact, even though briefly, with his life in its formative period. I congratulate you and your sons upon the heritage he has left you.

Boston, Mass.

R. K. HARLOW.

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Mr. Clark's death is personal to me. He was always so kind to me whenever I went to the *Post* office that I

shall never forget it,—he, a man at the very top of his profession and I a mere beginner. Mr. Clark was undoubtedly one of the best journalists that America has produced.

New York.

HAMILTON HOLT.

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In private and in public life, he was an ideal Christian man and citizen. He fulfilled to the utmost every relation of life in which he was placed while with us, and we know that God has still higher uses for such brave souls in his larger plans. All who have known him have so much to be thankful for, and the boys could have no richer legacy than the memory and example of such a father. On my return from Brooklyn last month I spoke of him in chapel as illustrating fidelity and self-sacrifice in home, profession and public service.

Brunswick, Maine.

WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE.

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I am only one of many people who felt the loss of a true and good friend in Mr. Clark's death. I am sure that you are having new proofs of his kindness and of the multitude of his friends on every side. It touched me very much to find in his letters—written, as they must have been in such busy days,—such a warmth of personal feeling, and such careful following of what I had been writing; and in each letter there was something that he knew would give a story-writer a new touch of help and pleasure. I only wish that I could ever have seen him to thank him.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

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I feel of Mr. Clark, as I did of my best friend, who was drowned more than a year ago, that he was so ardent in his work and so unsparing of himself that what we call the normal course,—the gradual coming on of old age and fail-

ing of his powers,—might have been much more painful to him than it is to most men. That he was entirely spared,—dying, as we all felt in the office, and as all the newspapers are saying,—at the height of his influence and usefulness.

But I wish less to offer any consolation in so great a loss as yours, where anything but a very silent sympathy would be a kind of intrusion, than to recall Mr. Clark's many kindnesses to me. He helped me through all sorts of discouragements. I was wholly inexperienced in the work,—very often my ideas must have seemed to him wildly impractical, and at times I must have taxed Mr. Clark's patience and exhausted any hope he may have had of my success. But through all that, he was most kind and suggestive, very often showing me more consideration than my work deserved. As I began to take hold, it was always an encouragement to see that he took a pride in my improvement. That experience made it very easy for me to fill out the hints that the clergyman dropped on Tuesday of his wide-reaching helpfulness to many people. I don't know but that is the best memory to leave,—better even than the large record of actual achievement that is Mr. Clark's.

New York.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

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(To one of Mr. Clark's sons.)

Ever since I first heard your father recite in the class of 1866, at Phillips, Andover, he has had my admiration. He was our valedictorian under "Uncle Sam". I vividly recall the delight in Dr. Taylor's face as he questioned and kept questioning your father, receiving every time the answer that he wished.

Then we went to Yale. How proud I was of him, and how I rejoiced in his success and recognition! He was "Pater" to us all. We believed in him and we anticipated the good work he would surely do when he entered upon his chosen calling. His success has been a satisfaction and delight.

His articles, wherever they have appeared, have been read with sympathy. We felt that his judgment was to be trusted.

His death sobers me. He has gone away very soon. The whole class of Yale, '70, will mourn his going, for they loved him.

Lake Forest, Ill.

JAMES G. K. McCLURE.

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There is not one of those whom I had the pleasure of meeting in the class-room in the early days of my teaching for whom I had a more sincere regard than for your husband. He was one of the manliest of men in his conception of duty and his self-sacrificing devotion to it. There is much to bring comfort now in the recollection of how much he accomplished during his useful life, and his many acts of considerate kindness.

New Haven, Conn.

CHARLES H. SMITH.

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I wonder if I told you about the trip Mr. Clark and I took one afternoon to Coney Island. It shows Mr. Clark's real interest in people, and that while he had the big problems of the nation in mind for his paper, still he had time to be really sympathetic with individuals. We saw a large steamer coming in, speculated on its port, cargo, etc. I did not think of it again until next day when my mail brought a clipping pasted on a card in an *Evening Post* envelope: "Arrived, Steamer Tuscarora from West Indies, loaded with fruit, etc." \* \* \* When I remember the many pleasant days I have spent in your home, and the interest he always took in my little affairs, I wonder at it,—that he had time from his large matters to think of them.

Milwaukee, Wis.

WILLIAM G. STARKWEATHER.

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(To one of Mr. Clark's sons.)

I was very much attached to your father. I met him first after I came to the Senate in 1885 and have enjoyed and

valued his friendship more than I can express to you. He has many times manifested his friendship for me and I find in it a source of pride and gratification. I do not know a man with whom it was more profitable to sit down for an hour and discuss public questions of domestic or international importance, and I never knew one who seemed more anxious to be right; or stronger and more fully grounded in the reasoning which led him to a conclusion, or more courageous in his convictions. He came to talk with me with great frankness about some personal matters as well as matters pertaining to the profession, and he was a rare man in many ways. I feel his loss as a personal one, and I feel that his death has brought a loss to the reading public. Of course, the loss at home is unspeakable. God help you all!

Washington.

JOHN C. SPOONER.

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Mr. Clark stood out in my estimation as a man of unflinching integrity and honor. If to some he appeared rigid, it was the rigidity of righteousness. It is a sad pleasure to me to bring my testimony with the others, to a fidelity that was unto death.

New York.

EDWARD PAYSON TERHUNE.

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I have tried at times to tell you how much I owe your splendid husband and how grateful I shall always be to him for his great kindness to me. Instinctively \* \* \* he knew how to aid me in the most effective way. His unswerving and absolute devotion to the *Evening Post* never was and probably never will be surpassed, and it is a bitter thought to me that he may have shortened his life thereby. \* \* \* There was never a time when I could not go to him and say exactly what was in my heart. \* \* \* In all our long association, I never heard him say a word in behalf of a policy which was not enlightened and humanitarian. I never found him unready to denounce wrong or to speak out for



the right at any cost. There never was a time when the rights of man and the abstract justice of a cause failed to appeal to him,—and with what telling force he delivered his blows! Surely an inheritance like this is the most precious one a man can leave his sons.

Ormond, Florida.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

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To have had the love of one so exalted in his thoughts and daily life as was Mr. Clark is a boon not vouchsafed to many mortals. It must ease your pain to think of your good fortune. The memory of that sweet companionship will remain forever a great possession as long as life lasts. \* \* \* His fine example will always inspire the children who loved him so devotedly. \* \* \* His country has lost, for he made it better because he lived.

New York.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD.

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I cannot, cannot realize that Mr. Clark has gone from us here, and that for the rest of my life I shall not know that fine intelligence, that kindly heart, that noble soul, except in memory. How deeply I shall miss him at every turn, and how I shall grieve with you \* \* \* Mr. Clark's name is on my lips daily. Things that he said to me and which perhaps were crowded out in my busy life, return to me with vivid emphasis,—words of clear-sighted encouragement or warning,—always of helpfulness. I feel, like you, that I have lost a prop and an adviser who has taken with him half my courage.

Paris, France.

MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH.

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Mr. Clark was a man for whom I had the very highest respect and in whose straightforward judgment I always had the highest confidence. The whole country is bereaved by his death. He always manifested the very deepest and wisest sympathy in all matters bearing upon my race.

Tuskegee, Ala.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.



## Extracts from Press Notices

Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word.

—*Spenser*.



**From the New York Evening Post**

Mr. Clark's equipment as a journalist was most solid and valuable. A thorough student of American political history, he had an extraordinarily minute acquaintance with the politics of the day. From one end of the country to the other, he was familiar with the successive politicians of his time, even down to the most insignificant, and was able to trace their rise and fall with amazing readiness and fulness of information. Local political movements in the various States he followed attentively; and could state on demand the political complexion and the shifting fortunes of nearly every Congressional district in the Union. Almanacs and political registers were at his fingers' end, and he came to be regarded by his associates as Sir George Cornwall Lewis was by his, in the light of a "sagacious dictionary." To all this, he added, by means of correspondence and personal friendship, an uncommonly wide acquaintance with men in public life.

Perhaps the best instance of Mr. Clark's resources was the campaign against the Blair bill, which he carried on in the columns of the *Evening Post* for all the years in the eighties when that measure was to the front in Congress. This scheme to take millions from the Federal Treasury in aid of public education in the South he opposed with a fertility of argument and a mastery of detail which were universally conceded to have been the main cause of its final defeat. Amassing his evidence indefatigably, he bombarded State Legislatures and Congress with it until their surrender was forced. Equally alert, convincing, and effective were his attacks upon the dependent pension bill, finally vetoed by President Cleveland in his first term. Here, too, his unusual facility in gathering his material from near and from far, and in presenting it with endless variety of arrangement and inference, was brilliantly exhibited.

A notable by-product, so to speak, of Mr. Clark's journalistic activity was his achievement in raising a fund of \$25,000

for the widow and children of the humorist, Philip H. Welch, whose tragic death in 1889 attracted so much notice at the time. This was by no means the easy task that it seemed when the work was done; and the unwearied energy with which Mr. Clark threw himself into it, together with the remarkable ingenuity of the methods which he pursued to attain his end, was eminently characteristic of the man. His pen was, indeed, a tireless one; and besides writing frequently for the leading magazines, he conducted an extensive correspondence with prominent men in all parts of the country. This helped to give him his singularly close and understanding touch with public affairs.

This is not the place to speak of him personally. How staunch his friendship was, all his sorrowing associates can testify. His incessant labors for the *Evening Post*, and his whole-hearted and unswerving loyalty to its interests and to the ideals for which it stands, it is a grateful duty to put on record here. Even in his last moments, when consciousness was growing confused, his thought and speech were of his newspaper work. Indeed, there is reason to fear that his devotion outran his strength, and that he clung to his post of duty long after his health was impaired, refusing to seek that rest and recuperation which his case really demanded. This fidelity, at all hazards, to what he conceived to be a trust, was characteristic of Mr. Clark, but is rarely to be encountered. His possession of such high qualities will cause his memory to be cherished long in this office, where his death leaves a vacancy, in the peculiar lines of his fruitful activity, which it will be impossible fully to make good. \* \* \*

### From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle

The death is announced of Edward Perkins Clark in the 56th year of his age. He died to-day at his home in Quincy street, Brooklyn, where he had lived for many years. He was one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, not only a writer of editorials on that paper, but a man influ-

entially concerned with the organization of its forces, with the training of its lieutenants and with the suggestion of its policy. There was no man on the staff of that paper who was more faithful, none who was more widely informed, none who was more conscientiously devoted to the interests and to the ideals of the *Post*.

Mr. Clark's newspaper training was of the best. After his graduation from Yale he became connected with the *Springfield Republican*. There he was grounded in the principles and schooled in the technique of newspaper work. From that admirable fitting school for labor elsewhere, he came, after short seasons on several other journals, to the *Evening Post*, to which the best years of his life and the best product of his thought and experience were unstintedly given.

On the *Post* the general work of suggestion and of superintendence, which gradually came to his hand, may have had no particular name, but it was work of importance to the public, of a marked value to the staff, and it created for him a respect and an authority which were a merited tribute to unusual capacity and to sterling character. It is not always in order to dissect out the labor of men upon the composite impersonality of a great newspaper, but some of the work of Mr. Clark came to be separated, in the knowledge of newspaper men, from the work of others. Part of it comprised the articles, as extraordinary for number as for ability, which appeared in that paper against the Blair Educational Bill. Those articles by attrition, by reproduction and by the influence which they exerted upon writers on other papers, wrought the defeat of that measure, and changed a majority for it in Congress to a strong majority against it there. There were other specialties which engaged the attention of the *Post* and which owed their power and their success to the learning, the diligence, and to the unique facility for sustained labor which Mr. Clark possessed.

All newspaper work is more or less evanescent. It is the contribution of mind and character to the current of events,

from day to day, which passes on, and which may, in a large sense, be forgotten, but it affects public opinion, and public opinion, in turn, becomes government by parties in a free land. Edward P. Clark's contributions to journalism were equal in volume to those of any editor in his period of labor. The effect of them, in notable instances, was not only controlling, but the quality of that effect made for good government, righteous living and high aims in politics, in religion, in benevolences and in social and personal life.

There never was a more faithful man; there never was a man of more sincerity. We never knew a man of more industry or of greater willingness to inspire and help other newspaper men in their work. We never knew a more modest, self-effacing and earnest man. We never knew one who more beautifully separated the things worth having from the things which were not. His profession was the translation of love into labor and sacrifice for those whom God had given unto him and to those in the circle of privileged and high friendship. \* \* \*

Never a man of robust frame, with a constitution always delicate and of precarious tenure on health, Mr. Clark gave to the *Post* an unsparing service, which his colleagues in vain urged him to lessen in the interest of the preservation of his strength. His last illness may not have been due to the fact that he would not stop work, when he was first stricken, lest the vacation of a colleague should thereby be shortened, but the belief of his friends is that it was due to that fact. He certainly was unable thereafter to resume labor and to-day he fell on sleep.

The disease was what is known as "consumption." Its progress was steady and relentless, but it was mercifully marked by the delusive hopefulness of recovery, which is its sole compensation. What love could do, love did. What science could do, was done. The ministers of both knew they could only alleviate conditions which they could not arrest or reverse, but in their very sorrow they have the satisfaction of realizing that they did what they could and that what



they did was appreciated to the full by him for whom it was done. The friends of this man, who comprise the representatives of the better journalism of the United States, will extend to his stricken kindred the assurance of their sympathy with them and the further assurance that they will be recognized as the enviable inheritors of the fine distinction of an exalted character, during all the years which shall remain to them on earth.

### From the Brooklyn Standard-Union

(Feb. 17.)

A PUBLIC SERVANT.

The death of Mr. Edward P. Clark, of the *Evening Post*, at his Brooklyn home of many years, yesterday, is a great public loss. Remembering what manner of man he was, the first and imperative inference is that the consideration of his work and career as related to the public only, would he in any manner appreciate or even tolerate. Rare, indeed, is it to find so perfect adaptation, so congenial association, of the man and his work; and during the long and honorable service which, in the columns of an influential newspaper, Mr. Clark rendered the whole community, it is doubtful if there was ever in his mind a thought that the service was irksome or that the duty was any other than that of the highest import and of the most serious responsibility. Born into the company of the plain living and the high thinking; of fine and pure New England blood, of Yale training and honors, he came by every right of heredity and of environment fully equipped into his life-work, and, with his principles and temperament, it could not but be that he should become at once an effective factor in the discussion of every public theme which he considered. The record of his work on the editorial pages of the *Post* has for years spoken for itself, and in no uncertain tones. For independence and

clarity of thought, for vigor and integrity of judgment, for high-minded and dispassionate, almost judicial, consideration of evidence, and for an unselfish and sincere devotion to the public welfare, the record has been conspicuous, and has not only commanded attention, but, what is of far more consequence, carried conviction. Never in American journalism has the dignity, the serious mission of the profession, been better upheld and its finest examples and traditions better illustrated, and therefore it is that not only the profession which he honored, but the whole country which he served, suffers loss well nigh irreparable. All this, moreover, it should be said, was done with a sincere self-abnegation, a minimizing of the personality, which, altogether too rare in these later days, is the more effective by its contrast and by its modest and faithful persistence. To those who were privileged to know Mr. Clark in the more intimate relations of friendship, in his delightful domestic circle, death closes a bright and sweet chapter, infusing the memory of his professional work with a fragrance it can never lose, and crowning it with a charm which is perennial.

### **From the Brooklyn Standard-Union**

(Feb. 23.)

#### **A MAN'S RIGHT TO HIMSELF.**

A citizen died in Brooklyn last week who, far more than most recipients, deserved the rather indefinite and greatly overworked adjective, "leading." Yet this man never held nor sought office; belonged to no clubs, orders, lodges, nor associations; invoked no influence, social or political; affected no mysterious power-behind-the-throne functions. He was simply a plain, straightforward, open-minded, self-respectful individuality. The conventions of society have been duly and properly observed; the world which knew him lately will miss him no more than it will any of us when our turn comes. The book of his life is closed and sealed.

Yet there are in the incident, and will remain in it to those who preserve its memories, suggestions of broad and deep import. The faithful use of the talent, whether ten or one, with which we are endowed, is the true principle of life. \* \* \* The application of this rule is as broad as it is simple, and the life which has just been closed, therefore, suggests no difficult problem, sets up no impracticable standard. If each one of us would only, according to the best that he has and the best that there is in him, do his duty, results would take care of themselves, \* \* \* and we should have a steady and effective progress in all that makes \* \* \* for the uplifting and elevation of society.

These ideas, indeed, are rather typical and elemental. This man was a leader among men simply by the sheer force of thought, honest and true, the only thing which persists. So many competing and counter attractions \* \* \* are so continuously in evidence that the simple truth that only the product of the human brain, and the morally right sort of product at that, persists, is often lost sight of or totally forgotten. This is not, however, the reason nor the motive of thinking. Certainly it had nothing to do with the career which has just closed and the character which it expressed. Simple, straightforward devotion to an ideal, the working faithfully up to the level of the responsibility of life, was all that, in this case, was necessary to secure these most permanent and beneficent results.

Of course this man died poor, as the world rates wealth, but he possessed that which was priceless—himself; the birth-right which he guarded most jealously, and which he exercised always wisely, of thinking for himself, of being in his own personality independent, original, and self-centered. Nor did he affect to despise riches nor rich men. He had a just valuation of them as trustees for the benefit of others, and no mere glamour concerning their superior station or better fortune ever affected him. In his sound judgment earthly possessions are valuable for the good which they can do to others, and the man who has them is responsible for the

wise, judicious administration of them, rather than vested with any title of absolute ownership. The real wealth is, after all, intellect, and a richly stored mind is a treasury containing far greater value than all the mints and vaults of the world. Inevitably, holding these opinions, \* \* \* this man achieved a political and intellectual independence which was like the breath of free mountain air. No one coming into contact with an individuality like this fails to get \* \* \* a vitalizing invigoration of thought which is a substantial accession to intellectual strength and an impulse to civic integrity. When the American citizen reaches that point where he, in his own manhood, makes up his own mind and takes nobody's ready-made opinion, whether it comes from a "boss" who seeks to command him, or from a leader who "magnetizes" him, then will the political millennium be close at hand. \* \* \*

### **From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican**

\* \* \* Edward P. Clark had been during all his career a tireless worker, and there are those of the older generation in the newspaper offices of New England who well knew his quality and worth and will regret that his forceful activity is over. Since leaving Yale College in 1870 Mr. Clark had been not only one of the most industrious of newspaper men, but as well one of the most intelligent and incisive observers of politics and social drift among the toilers on the daily press of the United States. To great industry he added keen intuitive powers, so that once enlisted upon an investigation or in behalf of a cause he was to be depended upon to push the matter to the limit of his ability. This strength of the man was made evident in his relentless pursuit of the national educational bill framed by Senator Blair of New Hampshire, which was hunted to its death. Mr. Clark believed in the higher journalism and practiced it, and was fortunate in the men who trained him, the late Samuel Bowles and E. L. Godkin. His quick perception of news was the

basis of his steady and intelligent service as an editorial writer on the New York *Evening Post* since 1885, as it was of his earlier work on *The Republican*, of which he was managing editor from 1872 to 1879.

No newspaper man of his time was more intense in his thought about journalism, its details and its possibilities, than Edward P. Clark, or more exact in methods, more ready to spend and be spent in the service. To various magazines and reviews Mr. Clark contributed the results of clear and definite thought along special lines of investigation touching national questions. The distinction of this work lay in its clarity of statement and exactitude of research. Within the lines of his professional work, therefore, Mr. Clark rendered public service of importance, and to his memory is due the intelligent acknowledgment of it. The best of his labor and the greatest measure of his influence lay in the steady production of editorial work, written not perfunctorily, as is sometimes the case, but out of a vital interest in public affairs and dedicated to the upholding of that which is highest and best in the national life.

Edward P. Clark was born in Huntington, October 21, 1847.  
\* \* \* He went to Phillips Academy, Andover, and then to Yale college, where he was graduated in 1870. His bent toward journalism was apparent then. He was one of the editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, and went about with newspapers bulging out of his pockets. He began the work of his life in this office, and his instinct for news and great capacity for work commended him to the late Mr. Bowles. Changes in the office brought young Clark to the post of managing editor during the Greeley campaign, when Mr. Bowles was compelled to give to the paper his close and unremitting attention. This was to the profit of Mr. Clark and of all the rest, and gave to the young men upon *The Republican* during that period advantages that were appreciated. \* \* \*

In 1885 he made the connection with the New York *Evening Post*, which proved congenial and gave him such an opportunity as he was fitted to improve. He speedily won and always held the respect of his associates by the character of his work and the earnestness of his labors. After the retirement of Mr. Godkin and the reorganization of the editorial force, Mr. Clark stood next to Horace White, the editor-in-chief, in the editorial department. He was the most reliable of workmen, with a background of knowledge of men and affairs only second to that of Mr. White. The loss of a man so trained and stationed will be felt by any newspaper of the character of the *Evening Post*.

Mr. Clark was fortunate in his home. \* \* \* Mr. and Mrs. Clark have lived in Brooklyn for many years, and their summers have been spent in Charlemonst, where Mrs. Clark is intimately allied with the local life. \* \* \*

\* \* \* Mr. Clark was the man who pushed through the Legislature, with the help of the late Hiram Huse, the bill providing guide-boards on the highways in Vermont. Mr. Clark was traveling through the State at the time on a carriage drive and, seeing the necessity for having such boards, had the bill put through.

### **From the New York Commercial Advertiser**

In the death of Edward P. Clark, journalism in this city loses one of its best trained, most faithful and high-minded members. \* \* \* He was a writer of much force, having a clear, direct style, and was in all matters of statistics and facts a miracle of accuracy. His industry, like his zeal and devotion to duty, was inexhaustible, making him a veritable pillar of strength to every newspaper with which he was connected. In temperament he was gentle, self-sacrificing and loyal, and no man ever went through life with fewer enemies or with a larger number of friends.

**From the Portland (Ore.) Oregonian**

## NOBILITY OF PURPOSE.

Bishop Spalding, of the Roman Catholic Church, in a recent lecture said:

"It is not what you have, but what you are, that entitles you to say that you have succeeded. To succeed means a life of toil, a life of self-denial, and then the reward comes from one's inner consciousness, which is the whisper of God."

This conclusion of Bishop Spalding is the ultimate measure of history, whatever may be the transient estimate of the passing hour. We measure Cromwell, Hampden, Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, by this standard. We measure them by the moral dignity and purity of their purpose, and by the success they reached in nobly struggling in the direction of its attainment. And we really, in the last analysis, measure all men in the same way. We inquire not how much they died possessed of in material possessions or titles, but what they were, stripped down to their moral and spiritual purposes in life.

The other day E. P. Clark, one of the ablest members of the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*, died in Brooklyn. The country at large did not know as much of Mr. Clark as it does of the various charlatans who have made much money in quack medicines, or in "yellow kid" journalism, or have obtained large notoriety as expounders of the lunatic philosophy of dishonest money. Nevertheless, Mr. Clark was all his days a powerful force in affairs, because his hand was always on the side of clean and sane politics. He was an able writer, but, what is far more important, he knew what he was talking about, for he never put his pen to paper until he had, so far as possible, mastered the bottom facts. Through the *Evening Post* he was the unflinching advocate of civil service reform, tariff reform, ballot reform, honest money and the gold standard, but some of his best service to the country was wrought through his ceaseless denunciation of our

enormous pension roll, which he desired to see purged of some of the injustice and extravagance with which it has been padded by reckless legislation. Up to the time of Mr. Clark's attack upon our inflated pension roll, the press of this country had been generally silent concerning it, but Mr. Clark's criticism was effective, because it was bottomed upon significant facts and figures.

Mr. Clark was a force on the side of sound politics during life, and his memory is a force on the side of sound politics, now that he is dead. From the very outset of his career in journalism he always was true to his purpose, which was not primarily to seek riches or fame, but to do his whole duty in his profession on the side of nobler manners and purer laws. He allowed his popular reputation to take care of itself; he never gave it a thought; his ambition was to be a force for political reform at every opportunity to the last hour of his working life. He had no sympathy with the cynical theory of life that it is never worth while to care what happens in public affairs unless it happens to you. The important, the supreme thing in life to him was the obligation of every man to do his duty, his whole duty, without stopping to consider the chances of victory or defeat. He never shirked, never surrendered; he felt he was responsible for standing by his guns in every good fight. When his duty had been fully done he was not daunted by defeat or tempted to desert his flag at the next fight. And he was right, for he stood for that intelligent, forceful, unbought, unterrified minority that has ultimately "won out" in every great battle for human rights and good government in this world. He belonged to that indomitable breed of men who are of the stuff of the stout knight who said:

I'm something hurt, but not yet slain,  
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,  
And then I'll rise and fight again.

That is the story of the intelligent, indomitable minority that Hampden led against a tyrant King; the story of the



intelligent, indomitable minority that Franklin organized and arrayed against tyranny long before victory was in sight. The philosophy of Hampden, who was rich and secure; the philosophy of Franklin and Washington, who were rich and secure; was really that of Bishop Spalding: that while wealth is good when honestly won and nobly enjoyed because nobly employed, nevertheless "a wise man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," a bit of wisdom worth cherishing in an age of increasing tendency to measure all things by the standard of money. The philosophy of Bishop Spalding was held and inflexibly enforced in action by this dead journalist, \* \* \* made him known and honored in his profession, for this had been his creed from the outset of his career. He had worked in every leading journal of the land, from Chicago to Springfield; he had always done his work with exceptional ability, but the memorable thing about him was his high purpose and inflexible devotion to the flag of political reform, no matter what party carried it. He was content to know and feel that through the New York *Evening Post* he was always permitted to draw his arrow to the head for the cause of political reform; he knew he was a political force for good throughout the land through the vantage-ground he held, and he did not worry about wide-spread personal fame, much less vulgar notoriety. When a gifted comrade died in the harness prematurely, he did not hesitate to help the bereaved family and to ask other good men and true to help them. \* \* \* Such workers \* \* \* are part of the great army of "the illustrious obscure." Somebody has called them "the unnamed demigods." It was George Eliot who said, "The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with us as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

**From the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette and Courier**

Those who knew the life and work of Edward P. Clark will agree that he was one of the few who have done exceptional work for his fellow men. Throughout his life of 55 years his efforts were steady, consistent and successful. He was the son of a Congregational minister and was given the thorough religious training of the middle of the last century—a country training which influenced his whole life. He graduated at Yale university after four years of hard work. He faced the world equipped with a thorough education and what was better, filled with the determination that his life work should be useful in the highest sense. To him this was a matter of conscience. Work—useful work.

His choice of journalism was not an accident. In that profession he saw unlimited opportunity. He sought the best instructors and won their unreserved approval. His diligent, unwearying labors brought fruit almost from the start. There was something so sturdy and honest in his writing that those who had his services knew that the results of his laborious and painstaking research were accurate and sound. It was not instinct. It was hard work. Matter sought out with infinite pains, gone over and over again, studied with unremitting care, digested accurately, the arguments stated plainly, the conclusions irresistible. His were not the irregular outpourings of genius but the steady products of wisely directed talent. His leaders or editorials were read. They convinced the fair-minded reader, for they were the accurate and sincere statements of an honest and conscientious newspaper editor. It is not to be wondered at that men in high public station sought the support of such a man, and it is not to be wondered at that such a man could give his support only where his conscience permitted. And so public men came to respect him even as those who knew him best, respected him. His acquaintance was wide. His sources of information were large. But his early training and the spirit with which he entered upon life's struggle made these always subserve the cause of honesty and truth.

He was modest and retiring almost to a fault. The charm of his conversation should have been extended to more. His free and unreserved comment on public men and matters, keen but not bitter, searching but fair, critical but full of hope, was valuable indeed. \* \* \* It was a privilege to hear his talks. They came from a man diligent, intellectual, informed, fearless and conscientious. And thus to the end he remained. \* \* \*

It may seem that Mr. Clark died too soon, that, had he worked less, his life would have been prolonged. His days might have been longer, but his works would have suffered if he had relaxed his efforts. He achieved in his 55 years what is permitted to very few. Let us consider that and learn the lesson.

When publicly recounting the worthy qualities of another, one has no right to speak of his own personal loss. He must bear quietly and alone the grief caused by the death of a friend. Still, he may say to others and especially to the young—seek the friendship of such a man as this. Although death will come, you will have had the rarest thing in this life, your life will have been better for it, and you can say with the old Roman:

Beate vixisse videar, quia cum Scipione vixerim.

### From the Rochester (N. Y.) Post-Express

Edward Perkins Clark, one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, who died in his home in Brooklyn on Monday at the age of 56 years, was one of the best-informed political writers in the United States. He possessed a minute, accurate and extensive knowledge of the political history of the United States, and was familiar with the character and record of living politicians and with the political events in which they figured. His convictions on public questions were clear-cut and strong, and as a consequence, he wrote with a precision and vigor that left no doubt on the minds of his readers as to where he stood. Although it was his intention to become

a lawyer, a brief experience on the *Springfield Republican* diverted him into journalism. \* \* \* During his long connection with the *Evening Post* he did a large amount of work that attracted attention. \* \* \* Personally, Mr. Clark was a modest, unobtrusive man, invariably courteous in his relations with his associates, and very intent upon the work that occupied his mind. His ideals in life were those of a high-minded and conscientious man. Content to do what he could to promote the welfare of his fellow-men in a quiet way, he lived and died without the distinction outside of his profession to which his ability, industry and character entitled him.

### From the Waterbury (Conn.) American

#### THE MAN BEHIND THE PEN.

It is the common fate of the working metropolitan editors, by whom we mean those who have the most practically to do with shaping the policy and determining the utterances of the great papers from one day to another, to be first known to the readers of those papers in their obituaries. Then the etiquette of journalism allows a great newspaper to speak out and tell its world of the man, generally modest and retiring, who has been the real power behind the throne in that he was there from start to finish, each day and every day, week in and week out.

The "great editor," the man who has the credit for the doing and saying, is often a more or less casual visitor in his own office; is often called in for special advice only in a great emergency. It falls then to the lot of the faithful man of tact, knowledge and force who is his understudy to decide many questions as they arise on the moment to be settled at the moment.

The *Evening Post* Monday contained an affectionate and worthy tribute to what Edward P. Clark had given to its making the last 18 years. How many people of those here

in Waterbury, for example, who read the *Evening Post* with pretty constant regularity, had ever heard even the name Edward P. Clark? They had heard doubtless of the late Mr. Godkin; perhaps of his associate, Horace White, in full control since Mr. Godkin's retirement; perhaps of the Villards, who own the *Post*; possibly of Rollo Ogden, one of the *Post's* most brilliant editorial writers, whose contributions to the magazines have revealed his identity. But the man who was there when any one or all of these were away, who knew the traditions of the *Post* and its policies, who, as his associates now say of him, was an encyclopedia of minute information on all matters of political history or personality, who was called in to settle things, and to right things, and determine things, on the moment,—this man has to wait for death to receive fitting recognition under the conditions of modern metropolitan journalism.

This was due to no special lack in the man, for Mr. Clark had force and ability, was one whom to know personally was to respect. He did have, however, a certain shyness and unworldliness surprising in one so long conversant with men and affairs. He had too conspicuously a newspaper man's loyalty, which puts the journal first and himself afterwards. It was his indefatigable industry in ferreting out the facts, and his tireless ingenuity in driving them home through the columns of the *Post*, that killed the scheme of the "Bounding" Blair of New Hampshire to waste millions on a chimerical educational fad in the South. But when these contributions to the literature of journalistic influence were printed in pamphlet form, and Mr. Godkin urged him to put their author's name to them, Mr. Clark refused, satisfied that they should go out credited simply to the *Post*. This was a victory for ideas; but Mr. Clark was practical no less than theoretical. When Philip Welch, the humorist, passed away with such ghastly bravery—the victim of cancer of the mouth, supporting his family by his jokes written between operations and sending in copy to the *Sun* reeking with anæsthetics—Mr. Clark of his own initiative started a

movement to raise a fund to educate the Welch children, and managed it so skillfully that everybody from the biggest millionaires and leading politicians down to the humblest newspaper worker contributed, securing in the end more than \$25,000.

These are two incidents giving some idea of the type of man, so often found in old-fashioned journalism, who cares far more for his work than for himself. Mr. Clark might have been a writer of far wider repute had he indulged his ambition at the expense of his daily duty. As it was, he was one of the chief advisers of Mr. Bryce in his "The American Commonwealth," and he has been a prominent contributor to the *International Review*. But these things were asides of his life. The *Post* and his work on it came first, and the full measure of his devotion to it and to his ideals is found in death's first disclosure of his personality to not a few among the *Post's* own readers.

### From the Outlook

The death of Mr. Edward Perkins Clark, a member of the editorial staff of the *Evening Post*, of this city, marks the end of a professional life of unusual intelligence and devotion. \* \* \* His association with the *Evening Post* dates from 1885. To his work on that influential journal Mr. Clark brought thorough journalistic training. He had considerable experience in his profession; he had American political history at easy command, and he knew the public lives of men of several generations. He studied local political movements with the utmost attention, and had at all times a minute knowledge of the political situation in different parts of the country. The thoroughness with which his journalistic work was done was evidenced in the skill and persistency with which he fought against the Blair bill, which proposed to organize and conduct public education in the South at the expense of the Federal Treasury, and with which

he uncovered years ago the abuses of the pension system. He was a man of unblemished integrity, of indefatigable industry, and full of delicate consideration for others.

### From the Indianapolis News

Few people in Indianapolis knew Edward P. Clark, who died yesterday in Brooklyn. Yet he was for years a real force in the political life of the country, and always a force for good. Much of the best work that appeared on the editorial page of the New York *Evening Post* was from his pen. He was a forceful, clear and effective writer, and an extraordinarily close student of public affairs. \* \* \* As we have said, he was a factor in many important affairs. No man in the country did as much as he did to defeat the vicious Blair educational bill, which came so near passing during Mr. Harrison's administration. Mr. Clark not only denounced it in the columns of his paper, but he established a sort of private literary bureau, through which he conducted a personal and private warfare against it.

Every influence he possessed was exerted on the side of clean politics. The highest standards in public life were not too high for him. Civil service reform, tariff reform, ballot reform, honest money and the gold standard, and the Cleveland idea in politics—for all of these he stood with unswerving devotion. Faithfully he served his country, and much he influenced its politics, yet there are millions of people who, if they read the notice of his death at all, will not even know who he was. But death lifts the veil of newspaper anonymity, and it is well that this true man and the noble American citizen should have the praise that is his due. We sometimes, in our more pessimistic moments, wonder whether it is worth while to bother ourselves about public matters, and endeavor to keep things straight. Mr. Clark could never be made to sympathize with this cowardly theory. The only thing he saw in

life that was of importance was the necessity that rested on every man to do his duty. He never shirked and never surrendered. He felt that he was responsible for the fight, though not, after he had done everything that could be done, for the result. He was a good man, an honor to the profession which he adorned, a true friend and a conscientious and untiring public servant.

### **From the New Haven Register**

Mr. Edward P. Clark \* \* \* was by temperament thoroughly at home in the characteristic atmosphere of the *Evening Post*. He came to that newspaper with a wide and almost scientific preparation for the duties at once assigned him. His early training was had on the *Springfield Republican*, under Mr. Bowles, where strong, self-reliant and conservative editors were made in the school of experience and tactful oversight. He then served a time as Washington correspondent, a tour of duty which sharpens a man's wit and broadens his knowledge of human nature. After filling two or three other berths, each contributing to his intellectual expansion, he came fit to the staff of the *Evening Post*, where he remained until the fatal illness overtook him and bade him set aside pen and paper. His work on the *Evening Post* was able and conscientious. He was a man of intense convictions when once they were formed, and when to the courage of expressing them was added a sense of civic duty he shot straight at the heart of the target, persistently and accurately. He was tireless in his search for facts and truth, and when once in command of both it was a brave contemporary who crossed pens with him. We have never known a more conscientious editorial writer, and it can be literally said of him that into whatever he threw himself he contributed largely from his own personality. His work glowed with the fire of a human document.



**From Senator Spooner in the Evening Post**

I knew Mr. Clark for many years. He was my friend, and I was his. I esteemed him a rare man, in many ways. He was a student, a man of convictions and courage, who understood, and seemed always to keep in mind the real and highest function of journalism. His ideals were high, and in his daily life he sought always to reach them as nearly as possible. A modest, retiring man, faithful in all relations of life, he exercised, through his study, thoughtfulness, and the power of his pen, a great influence for good, which was felt by many, including myself. He was content to work out what seemed to be his mission, relatively little known to the great mass of men whom he daily reached. His death is a loss to the paper with which he was so long connected, and a loss to the public. To me it brings a sense of personal grief.

**From the Yale Alumni Weekly**

Edward Perkins Clark \* \* \* was one of those Yale men who best serve their alma mater. Avoiding all notoriety, he stood for everything that is high in journalism. He once refused the offer of editor-in-chief of what was then one of the most widely circulated newspapers in America, because he was not guaranteed an absolutely free hand and feared counting-room pressure. For almost twenty years he had exercised wide influence through the columns of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*; \* \* \* Mr. Clark's activity \* \* \* was not confined to journalism. He was a frequent contributor to the magazines, especially on topics connected with his specialty, American political history; he managed for some years the periodical of short stories, *Romance*. \* \* \* His extraordinary knowledge of politics made his advice much sought for, and several Governors of different States had reason to be glad of the counsel they asked of him; while it is an open secret among New York City politicians that he

wrote an important recent platform and the speech in which it was supported. Mr. Clark belonged to a Yale family. His father, Rev. Perkins K. Clark, was a graduate of 1838; and he married a granddaughter of Sylvester Maxwell, 1797, so that his eldest son graduated just a century after one of his great-grandfathers. He sent his three sons to Yale, and had the satisfaction of seeing two of them voted by their class mates the men in their respective classes who had done most \* \* \* for Yale College, while the third won honor for his college in athletics. \* \* \*

If public service be the badge of Yale knighthood, we shall always think of Edward Perkins Clark as humbly holding a high seat at the Table Round. \* \* \* His work was well worth doing and he did it well and his country is better for his having lived and labored for it. The text of his life was out of the Yale gospel of service and the life itself was was one of the best of sermons on it. He kept very close to his college always and in such matters of moment as the change of administration studied and worked at the problem with the same thoroughness and success with which he attacked the affairs of national life. Working for Yale was but another way of working for his country. He has brought honor to himself chiefly because in what he did for his country, his college, or his friends, he thought nothing of himself.

### From the *Boston Herald*

The New York *Evening Post* has lost one of the cultured, earnest, brilliant men who contributed to give its editorial page a superior and widely recognized character. Edward Perkins Clark began \* \* \* his newspaper work with eight years of training on the Springfield *Republican* under the late Samuel Bowles. After several years of various service on different newspapers, he came to the high place of editorial writer for the *Evening Post*, which he served with fidelity and distinction during eighteen years, being in late years next in station to Horace White, the editor-in-chief.

It is creditable fame that his work commended him to such masters of the art of newspaper writing as Mr. Godkin and Mr. White. Perhaps his most noted achievement was the conduct of the protracted campaign by which the Blair educational bill was defeated. All newspaper men rank that performance as one of the most remarkable in the modern history of editorial achievement. Personally, Mr. Clark was a quiet reserved man, who rather effaced than paraded his personality in his service. He had a wide acquaintance with leading men of the country, the controlling motive of which, however, was to increase knowledge and usefulness, rather than the gratification of social aspiration. \* \* \*

The earnestness with which Clark attacked public doings which he felt to be wrong, and the patient fidelity and thoroughness with which he sought out and exposed all the weakness and wickedness connected with them, have been freely commented upon by those who have written upon his character since his decease. In this connection it may be interesting to recall to mind that Mr. Clark was one of the first men in the press to investigate and hold up to public reprobation the doings of J. Edward Addicks in Delaware. He anticipated by two years the exposure lately made by George Kennan of Addicks' campaign in that State. \* \* \* We think Mr. Clark was the first journalist to treat this subject with an adequate revelation \* \* \* of the objectionable doings of Addicks in that State.

### **From Charles M. Harvey in the Evening Post**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST:

SIR: I was personally acquainted with Edward P. Clark for over a quarter of a century. No man connected with the press of the United States in his day had a better moral and intellectual equipment for the duties of his calling. In him courage, sagacity, enthusiasm, and balance were united in an unusual degree. Added to a thorough knowledge of the

country's history and politics in their larger aspects and relations, he had a style which was singularly clear, direct, dignified, and effective. Mr. Clark was a fine exemplar of the best ideals of the American journalism of the age.

CHARLES M. HARVEY,  
Associate Editor St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.

### From the *Hartford Courant*

#### A MAN WHO DID A MAN'S WORK.

He took his calling seriously and conscientiously. He was a simply indefatigable worker up to the final break-down, and he knew how to work, and he continually put the best that was in him into his work. Whatsoever his hands found to do he did with his might, whether it was to defeat a foolish bill for the pauperizing of the South's public schools or to raise a fund for the family of a dead friend. He believed in the causes he took up with all his heart, and he threw himself into them not only with all his energy but with a dogged persistency. He knew the part played in human affairs by what Tom Benton used to call ding-dong. His associates on the *Post* make mention of his wide reading in political history, and the minute acquaintance with contemporary politics that made him a walking hand-book. All this is so, and another, very much greater thing is so; the whole work of his busy, earnest life made for civic and political righteousness. He was a good man and a good citizen, through and through.

In college and for some time later he was rather silent and reserved except in the company of intimate friends; mere acquaintances never in those years suspected the vein of boyish fun in him. He kept a boy's love for this valley and for the Deerfield valley—especially for their hills and ravines. A jollier comrade on a tramp or climb no one could ask. Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke knew him well

—the dear fellow—and so did Sugarloaf and Toby and Hoosac. For Deerfield street and that whole region he had a special place in his heart, and his love for Charlemont almost or quite equalled Mr. Warner's.

**From the Century Magazine for April**

Mr. Clark was one of the ablest and best-informed journalists of America. His reputation was rather professional than popular, for he was a type of the quiet, anonymous expert workers who give character and tone to our better journals. He was a man of moral ideals and profound patriotism.

### Grief's Ancient Question

O, faithful one, so true, so fond, so pure!

Raised from thy bed of weakness, far'st thou  
forth

Free, light, aërial? Hath Death worked thy cure,

As a balsamic breeze from out the North,

On fragrant wings, charged full with healing  
worth?

Careless of the fatigues that men endure,

Wanderest thou where mighty streams have birth,

On mountain-tops, than earth's far grander, bluer?

Or, where calm seas spread restfully around,

Glideth thy shallop, far from roar and press,

And cares that wrung thy gentle soul amain?

Wildly I question,—but there comes no sound!

*Are men indeed immortal?*—Christ, say, “Yes”!

Whisper from out Thy Heaven, “Ye meet again”!

—K. U. C.







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